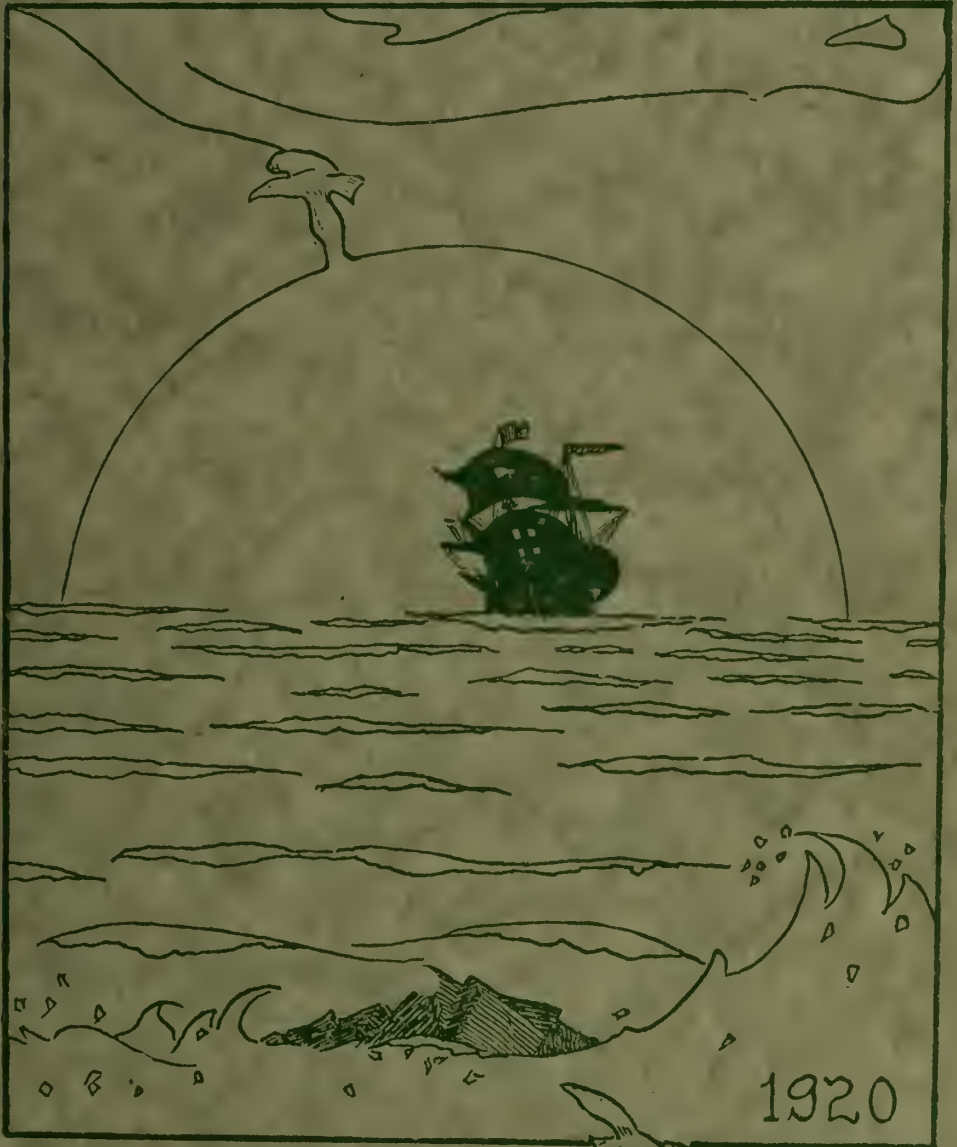


THE DEBATER



WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

W.L. Buckley
1920

WINSHIP, BOIT & Co.

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The W. H. S. Debater

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WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
Wakefield, Mass.

June, Nineteen Twenty



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In Memory of

FRANK RAYMOND HANRIGHT

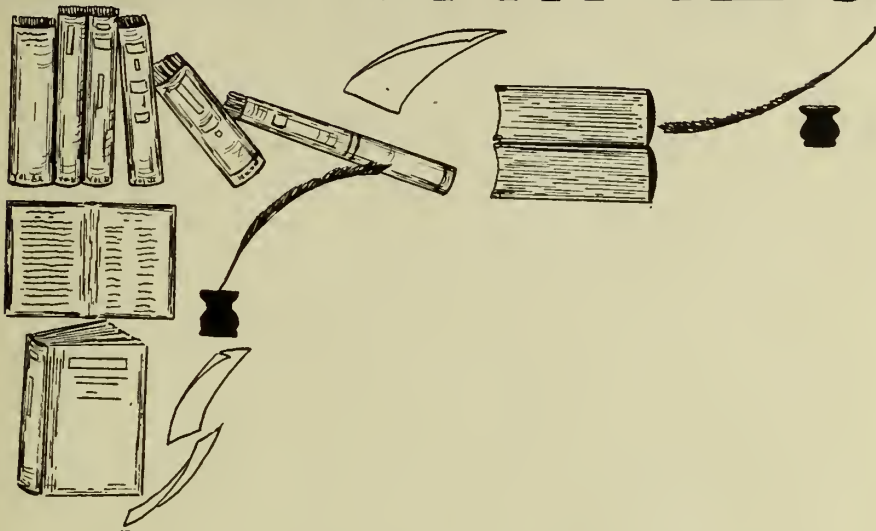
A member of the Senior Class, who died December 16, 1919



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EDITORIALS



A year ago Mr. Charles J. Peterson came to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Howe, who had been principal of our school for a quarter of a century. It was a difficult place that Mr. Peterson had to fill, but he has shown such good judgment, such fairness, and so much consideration for teachers and students that he has won the respect and good will of all with whom he is associated.

* * *

A new plan for making the standards of scholarship higher in our school was inaugurated by our new principal. The plan is this: At the end of every term an honor roll is published. Upon this honor roll appear the names of pupils who have received the required averages. A pupil receiving all A's is placed on the honor roll with high honors; those receiving two A's and nothing less than a B are placed on the honor roll with honors; and those receiving honorable mention must have a grade with one A and nothing less than a B. The system is working well, and new names appear on the honor roll every term.

* * *

In October the Kosmos Club asked the English department of the high school to give an original play, illustrating "Better Speech," at a conference of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Kosmos

Club, to be held in Wakefield in January. Miss Hester Sharkey, a teacher in the English department, who was formerly a pupil of Prof. Baker at Harvard, wrote a play, "Tony, the Mender," which was given by members of the Senior Class. During the past month, the Mathenian Society, a dramatic club, formed by members of the school, have been rehearsing a play, "Mose," under the direction of Miss Hazel M. Andrews. We anticipate that the play will be a great success. We are glad of this great interest in dramatics, and we hope that next year we shall have a dramatic editor on the Debater Staff.

* * *

At last! Athletics on a firm basis at Wakefield High School! Doesn't this arouse your sporting spirit? All this was made possible by the newly-organized Athletic Association, governed by a real constitution, compiled by a real sport, our teacher coach, Mr. Dower, whose untiring thought and energy have done so much in developing championship teams in our school. Luck seems to follow us everywhere. Our principal is an enthusiastic fan and delights in attending our contests. Nothing pleases him more than to help our athletes "bring home the bacon."

Our entrance into the Mystic Valley League opens to our athletes a new field

in which they can cover themselves with glory. With the support of all the members of our school, the teams will endeavor to accomplish that which is so dear to every school, college, and university, "Victory."

* * *

At the March town meeting, the town voted to give the teachers a flat increase of \$400 per year. Because of the increase in salaries, the town will be able to retain some of its most efficient teachers. There is nothing that so interferes with the good work in a school as a frequent change in teachers. We are glad that the High School will be spared that misfortune.

THE HOME-LIFE OF THE PILGRIMS

Awarded first prize by Kosmos Club

The life and customs of the early Pilgrims are most interesting. Perhaps no other band of people of any age or any clime have had such distinctive and admirable characteristics as those of our forefathers, the Pilgrims. It is the home-life, so pure and righteous, the high ideals and worthy achievements of the early colonists, that have given America the solid foundation upon which she stands. It is fitting, indeed, to commemorate the lives and the ideals of those who so pluckily and genuinely withstood hardships and gave their all to gain a freedom which was destined to last through centuries and to mark America for all time.

Our Pilgrim ancestors are famed for their strict manners and their stern and rigid customs. They believed in no frivolities of any kind, and they carried themselves with a simple dignity that commanded the greatest respect. Serious-minded and stern parents instructed the little children in such a manner that they, too, were old beyond their years. They did nothing which could be called undignified and this calm, serious manner of our Puritan ancestors arouses in us a feeling of great respect—almost reverence.

It is to the religion of the Pilgrims that America is indebted for her proud and independent spirit. They believed in free worship—that each had a right to think and believe for himself and that is the reason why they left England. They worshipped in tiny meeting houses as simple and unpretentious as the creed they lived

by, and although they were forced to carry arms with them to protect themselves from the Indians, yet they were a very peaceable and holy band of worshippers. Their faith was Orthodox and very strict and, of course, narrow, compared to the modern form of belief—narrow, yet how absolutely true and undecieving. A little storm could not keep them from their house of worship, where they often sat for hours at a time.

The Puritan homes were, of course, very simple. Builded of roughly-hewn logs, they were small but very picturesque—different, indeed, from the comfortable homes to which these people had been accustomed in Holland and in their motherland. It was necessary for them to be simple, else how out of harmony with their surroundings. Some articles of household use they had brought with them from across the water, but, for the most part, their furniture was manufactured on this side of the Atlantic. Tables of logs and rustic chairs, straight and uncushioned, were luxuries of the little Pilgrim homes, and although perhaps more than one sighed for the many comforts they had left behind them, they did not complain. What though they suffered untold deprivations! Were they not doing it for freedom, for the love they had for their children, and as a duty they felt toward their children's children? Bare were their furnishings, devoid of all ornament, yet what harmony and what a beautiful spirit there was in the hearts of the people who could turn forests into homes by their love and patience.

Who has not been moved to patriotism by a picture of the Pilgrims? There is something almost holy about their calm attitudes and their plain costumes. Quiet, like their characters, were the dresses worn by the women, made of grey homespun adorned with plain collars and cuffs of the most snowy white linen, topped off with caps of white. The men, also, wore grey. Jackets, knee-breeches, and wide-brimmed hats made up a part of their costumes, brightened with buckles and a white collar—simple and refined, unassuming, like their faith.

Their food was also very plain. Fish, venison, and such game as the men were able to get, corn and such other food as they could raise in the rugged, unploughed country, constituted the main part of their

food—relieved by the little delicacies of culinary art that the Pilgrim mothers had learned in the land of their birth. How often they must have longed for a variety of food, such as they were unable to obtain here—another of their many sacrifices.

Let us now turn to the industries of these early times. How absolutely different from the busy hurry and scurry of the modern industrial world. They could not depend upon importation. Everything had to be done with their own hands. The work of the men was—Clearing the forests, making the homes, building church and fort, planting and caring for the gardens, procuring and preparing the food, protecting their homes and their loved ones from the attacks of the savages—all these and a thousand other tasks kept busy the stalwart and plucky settlers of the early years.

The women, also, had their share of work to accomplish. What would be the thoughts of a Pilgrim lady, could she be given one peep into the kitchen of today?—set tubs, running water, gas stoves, besides washing machines, electric irons, toasters, sweepers, etc.! Had the little Pilgrim lady had such luxuries, perhaps she would have had too much time to spare and would not have been so content, but as it was, she did all of her work by hand, even to doing the laundry out-of-doors in the streams. The lady of today goes to the store and buys her cloth and her thread, uses her manufactured patterns and her sewing machine and then her work is practically accomplished. The little Puritan lady had to make her own homespun first, planting the flax, plucking it, drying, seeding, baking, thrashing, combing it, and then spinning the cloth and finally making the garment, entirely by hand.

We know that the Pilgrims were very cultured and refined. Many had been well-educated in their home-country and now were anxious that their children should have a similar education. However, schools were not established for ten years, but the little folks received what education they needed in their own homes from the mothers and fathers.

Perhaps the most inspiring thing to the Pilgrims was the wonderful out-of-doors in which they lived. Children of God, they had gone back to God, for are not the forests God's first temples? Massive boulders, great and mighty trees and the open sky are always an inspiration—what must they

have meant to a people who were striving amidst such terrible difficulties, who needed inspiration where there was so little of encouragement!

To me, the home-life of the Pilgrims is a thing almost holy and to be revered. There is something so beautiful and so domestic about it all that it seems more like a beautiful poem than a fact. If only our lives had more of the simplicity, and more of the true, honest, spiritual characteristics which marked their lives, how much more of satisfaction and of real happiness, we should experience. Let their lives be to us a memorial of true living, an example of what is good and pure, and the ideal toward which we should strive.

RUTH I. CARLSON, '21

After the "Debater" had gone to press it was announced that Miss Ruth Carlson's essay, "The Daily Life of the Pilgrims," which won the first prize offered by the Kosmos Club, had also won the highest honor in the State Contest. Miss Carlson was invited to read her essay at the annual meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs held at Springfield, Mass., on May 19.

We congratulate Louise Smith, Herbert Hancock, and Carl Peterson on receiving honorable mention in the Pilgrim Prize Essay Contest.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE PILGRIMS

Awarded second prize by Kosmos Club

On a bleak December day in 1620, there landed on our shores at Plymouth, a little group of men and women known as the Pilgrims. They had braved a treacherous sea, and were now disembarking on soil which they had never seen before, and which held in store for them many unseen dangers and hardships. The voyage of the "Mayflower" had been rough and stormy, and Providence alone had enabled their little ship to survive the voyage. This little band of Pilgrims had come of their own free will that they might worship God as they thought right, and to free themselves from the corruption and formality of the Church of England.

Amid innumerable hardships the men soon constructed a fort, and about a dozen rough-hewn log cabins. As soon as the worst of the first winter was over, the men spent their leisure time either hunting game, fishing, or preparing their cornfields for planting. They dug clams along the shore, and in the shallow water lobsters were plentiful. Every morning, Governor Bradford assigned to the men whatever public work was necessary, such as clearing land, hewing out timber, making tar or soap, or trading with the Indians. During the first winter many died, but the strong cheerfully took their places and went on with the work with renewed zeal. Wherever the men went, they always carried their muskets with them for fear of an attack by the Indians. This precaution was absolutely necessary, as they were already so few in number, that every new loss weakened them greatly.

The women busied themselves with the countless household duties, and, at times, they even shouldered guns in defence of their homes. The preparation of meals, sweeping and cleaning were considered very important, while spinning and weaving were two of the most common tasks. All was done in a very thorough and systematic manner. Although the Pilgrim mothers were burdened with as many tasks and sorrows as the men, they considered the strict and thorough education of the youth absolutely essential. Their children were taught to read and write, and to do simple sums in arithmetic. The carefully stitched samplers that we still have are fine examples of the accuracy and exactness required of the Pilgrim maidens. What was more important, they were taught to be industrious, obedient, upright, and above all, God-fearing and reverent. To the Pilgrim mothers for their constancy, their devotion, and their faith in high ideals, we owe our unending praise and gratitude.

These men and women of 1620 were practically isolated from the rest of the world, as they received letters from home but two or three times a year. The men, however, were accustomed to meet evenings and talk over the affairs in England as well as they could, and to relate the day's happenings in the colony. To the colonists, as a whole, life was too serious for any idleness or frivolity, and from

sunrise to sunset all were busy. There were always two or three Indians wandering about within the enclosure, as a great deal of trading was carried on with the friendly tribes.

Governor Bradford was always busy with the every-day details of the colony, and in settling the little disputes which were constantly arising. Serving as governor of the colony was no easy task, but Bradford ruled with such good judgment and fairness that the colony grew and prospered.

Standish, the bluff and bold soldier, patiently drilled the men in military maneuvers, stationing guards and posting sentries on the various bastions of the fort.

Brewster, the pastor of the little band, had to prepare two long sermons a week. During his spare time he worked in his corn-field, but this was very seldom, because of the many extra demands made upon him. All brought their griefs and misfortunes to him, because he was always ready to console and comfort them, and to give helpful advice. He was a man of noble character, firmly devoted to his task, and always eager to be of some service to those whom God had entrusted to his care.

The quietness of Sunday was broken only when, morning and afternoon, the beat of the drum called the people to church. They met in front of Standish's house, where, led by a sergeant, they marched silently up the hill to the meeting-house. Behind the sergeant marched the governor in his long robes; on his right, Pastor Brewster in full robes; and on his left, Standish with his side-arms. Then came the colonists with their families, in twos and threes, all wearing long white cuffs and stiff high collars. The men wore high conical hats, knickerbockers, buckled shoes, and blouses belted at the waist. They carried muskets for protection against a surprise by hostile Indians.

To these stern and sturdy Pilgrim fathers and mothers we owe our deepest reverence and respect for the trials and hardships they went through, that they might enjoy religious freedom. To them, also, we are even more indebted for the founding of our great, free country, the United States, the greatest peace-loving nation in the world.

FREDERIC B. SNYDER, '20

Three hundred years ago this year, the little band of Pilgrims—our Pilgrims—left kindly Holland for a new world. There were so few to go; the big, happy-go-lucky old world laughed at them; the way was so bleak and long. And when at last they reached their new world, it offered as a welcome that terrible First Winter! But the Pilgrims had courage; they had faith; and, most important of all, their purpose was high and true. That is why they could found a Nation.

In the Fall, the High School will commemorate the coming of the Pilgrims by a play or pageant. It is fine to do that, but such things, no matter how cleverly carried out, are artificial after all. Class of 1920, you can commemorate the coming of the Pilgrims in a fitter way, in a spirit as noble as their own. You are about to leave the comfortable, protecting years of High School to seek a new world—the world of grown-up life. You, their descendants after three hundred years, be like those Pilgrims of old. America has need of them today. 'Tis true the woods around Boston are not full of Indians now, but who will deny that there are dangers just as red? You are not obliged to live on wild birds and the scant harvest of yellow corn, but in a different way, these are the lean years of the Bible. And there will be those who will laugh at you, those who will pay no attention to you, those who will urge you to go down their easy way. But grip courage with both hands; never lose faith; and if you find your purpose in life growing petty and mean, throw it away, and get another as straight and true as a pine tree on our brave New England coast. So you will uphold a Nation.

HESTER C. SHARKEY.

SOLITUDE

God's own country,
Free and wild,
Giving of its sweet life,
Is the thing I want in springtime.
Then a yearning grows within me
Swelling, swelling,
Never ceasing,
Till I can withstand no longer,
And I flee to God's own country,
Where all things are peace and quiet.

GERTRUDE HUTCHINSON,
English IV B.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

Received honorable mention in The Boston
Traveler Short Story Contest

He was old and blind, this aged German musician, this old music master, who wandered from town to town always seeking someone he had lost. Accompanied by his dog, Trask, and with his beloved Cremona, he played for people who listened breathlessly for his every note. He told all nature in his playing, of the morning song of the birds, of the wind, murmuring in the pines, of the rain, dripping on the sod. He played with his heart, his soul, and put his being into the music.

Herr Schneider had had a life of constant sorrows. Coming from Germany at an early age with his wife, Gretchen, he had settled in the country, but Fate had dealt cruelly with him, and his life was not like that of which he had dreamed. Shortly after his daughter, Ellen, was born, he lost his wife, his beloved Gretchen! Gradually, however, the sunshine came back into his soul and he cared only for Ellen and did all in his power to make her happy. He composed and played little melodies, quaint, yet beautiful, which delighted the heart of his daughter. There was one lullaby, "River of Dreams," which was Ellen's favorite and many time at his daughter's bedtime, Herr Schneider played this drowsy melody to waft Ellen into the land of Dreams.

And so Ellen grew up, but although her father devoted his life to her, she felt vaguely something was lacking. Many times she caught herself day dreaming, of how wonderful it would be if she could go away and make a fortune at singing, for, indeed, Ellen sang very well; then afterwards come back and lay the world at her father's feet. On one dark evening Ellen did slip away, her love for her father filling her head with many fancies. The shock of her leaving, combined with the weak condition of his eyes, made Herr Schneider go blind; then restlessness set in. So with his dog and his violin he set out in quest of Ellen. Since then he had lead an itinerant life, depending almost wholly on charity.

The day had been a warm one. Several times the old musician had drawn out his handkerchief to wipe off the little beads of perspiration that formed on his brow. Gradually the sun had set lower in the heavens, and overcome by fatigue he sank

down by the massive gates of a fashionable country seat. Raising his violin, he softly drew the bow across the strings. Somehow he found himself playing the "River of Dreams." The skilled touch of the player and the sweetness of the melody threw the strains over the high garden walls.

Inside the walls a lawn party was taking place. Mrs. Ellen Graham was trying to render the afternoon a pleasant one for her set. They were sitting on wicker chairs, sipping tea out of diminutive cups. They were laughing and joking and in a constant state of amusement. Presently there was a lull in the conversation, a moment when a pin could have been heard to drop, and over the wall a melody was wafted on the breeze. The guests listened, amazed. It was a lullaby, so dreamy, so entrancing that no one spoke for fear of breaking the charm. But what was this that had come over the proud, self-possessed society woman, Mrs. Graham? An ashy hue took possession of her face. Her trembling fingers refused to hold the tea-cup which fell to her feet shattered into fragments.

"It is my father," she cried, "playing the 'River of Dreams' for me. I must go to him." And declining any offer of aid, Mrs. Ellen Graham wended her way out to the gate where sat the old musician.

"Father," she cried, "take me into your arms and heart; how I have missed you through these years. After I had earned enough money to buy all the luxuries I felt you needed, I came back home for you. But the windows were broken and the grass and weeds had overrun all the garden. I inquired, but no one knew where you had gone. You do not know how I have suffered through these years. But now I am glad, very glad, for at last I have found you."

There was a joyful look on the the old musician's face as he pressed his Ellen to his heart. All was forgotten as his feeble hands stroked her hair. All that mattered was that it was Ellen, his Ellen, come back in answer to his playing.

The sun was slowly setting. Myriads of colors were reflected in the sky. Down among the trees sank the sun, a mass of flaming red. And so went the life from the old music master. Sudden joy had

done for him what long years of sorrow had failed to do. Herr Schneider had gone Home.

IDA ESNER, '22.

THE FLOOD

Received honorable mention in The Boston Traveler Short Story Contest

"Sally Shaw must be crazy. The idea of a woman of her age having such dreams!" exclaimed Mrs. MacKenzie, looking around the circle with indignation.

"Well, anyone who drinks tea that's been **boiled ten minutes** ought to have dreams, or nightmares, I know I would. But then, they do say that I make the best cup of —"

"But," broke in Miss Susan, "don't you believe in dreams? You know, I have **read** that every dream has a hidden meaning, and there are people, spiritualists, or whatever they call them, that can tell just what each one means. Now, if we only knew where to find someone to tell us what that dream of hers meant, why —"

"What dream are you talking about?" asked young Mrs. Goodwin. "I haven't —"

"Why, **haven't** you heard? —"

"Why Sally Shaw had a dream last night and —"

"She said it was terrible, and when she woke up she was half dead —"

"She was nearly overcome this morning when she told me —"

"Her eyes looked just as wild as —"

"She dreamt about a great flood that —"

"The water poured down from a mountain and rushed —"

"No, that isn't right. She told **me** it was like a tidal wave full of —"

"Well, anyway, it was water, and it came all of a sudden, and went right over —"

"Yes, and half the people were drowned, a lot of men especially, and she said that she could see Si Hopkins's store sailing away like mad!"

"Yes, and she said that she never saw anything so **awe-inspiring** —"

"Oh, I forgot the voice! She heard a voice saying, 'Tomorrow, only tomorrow!' —"

"And she said it came out of a black cloud —"

"No, it was a black and **gray** cloud —"

"It hung right over the top of the water!"

"And it was going as fast as an automobile!"

"I do think," said Miss Susan, "that that dream has some dreadful meaning. What do you think it can be?"

"A tidal wave! That's it. There was one, well, let me see, Uncle Tom had been married two days, so that must have been thirty,—thirty-five,—thirty-nine years ago last —"

"It couldn't be a flood, for there hasn't been a drop of rain for the last three weeks, and the river's as dry as a bone."

"Well, we haven't had much rain, it might be a cloud burst! You know that all those guns going off in France for the last five years have had a lot to do with the weather; and if there was a cloud burst, it would come from a black and gray cloud."

"But the voice? What about that?"

"Why, the voice only means that it's coming tomorrow, whatever it is,—and do you know! I haven't got the front room cleaned! I'll have to run right along and get the house to rights, because I'd hate to have them find me drowned in a dirty house, and —"

"Why, it's after five o'clock!"

"We'll all have to go."

"I've had a real pleasant afternoon. If you hear anything, just run over and let me know, won't you?"

"We'll hear tomorrow what it's going to be —"

"I think they ought to have a prayer meeting tonight, as long as we're not sure about tomorrow —"

"Goodbye! Goodbye!"

The next day dawned bright and clear, but everyone noticed a peculiar grayish look around the sun. Toward noon a faint, gray haze appeared in the northwest, and this slowly grew into puffy gray clouds. A deathlike stillness hung over the town. The clouds became darker, and began to sweep across the sky. In some places they were inky black.

All housework was stopped. The sewing circle assembled on the church steps, opposite Si Hopkins's store and waited and watched, but not in silence. All had now adopted the cloudburst theory, and fully expected to hear the voice at any moment.

Suddenly a buck-board appeared on the dusty river road, tearing along at full speed.

"He's coming to warn us!" shrieked the ladies in chorus.

It certainly looked that way. He drove pell-mell up the road and stopped short in front of Si's store. The ladies pressed around him, and Si himself sauntered out.

"What is it? What's coming?"

"A cloudburst?"

"A tidal wave?"

"The end of the world?"

"The country has gone dry. Wilson has signed the prohibition amendment. Nothing but water for us now!"

"Water!" remarked Si Hopkins in a disgusted tone; "water—water—water—"

"Water!" cried the ladies.

"Water!" exclaimed Miss Susan. "There you have the meaning of the dream! And I know why the flood swept Si Hopkins's store away, too."

"But the voice, and the black and gray cloud?"

"Why now, they do say, that President Wilson always wears black or gray."

SELMA ROACH, '20.

A SOLILOQUY

With all this wonderful Spiritualism,

Why can't Cicero be a realism?

With his deep and powerful gift for talk,

If 'twere only five minutes, he'd make things walk.

He'd settle the "Red" and the "Profiteer",
And find who'd live in the White House
next year.

He'd make "Old Mars" come half-way to
get

The rocket the scientists are trying to set.
He'd make "Kaiser Bill" take his long-
delayed dose,

And he'd patch up "the League" so that
all'd feel jocose.

And to do all this, he would simply rise,
And open his mouth, and also his eyes,
And look at the "Red" and the "Profiteer"
And the candidates for the White House
next year,

And bellow forth in his sonorous tones,
Latin enough to make Jove utter moans.
And just as he made that Cataline stray,
Away from Rome, up the Appian Way,
So would he drive these rascals to reason,
And obliterate every thought of treason.
But alas! Since this can be only a dream,
We must "leave it to Ouija" to make the
world beam.

RUTH GLIDDEN '21.

THE M. S. G. IN BOSTON

On September 10, 1919, because of the Boston Police Strike, the Massachusetts State Guard was called out for riot duty. A few of the high school boys were members of the local company at that time, and consequently responded to the call. Several others enlisted a few days later. Co. H of Wakefield was always in a quiet locality, therefore, all that I can relate is merely the daily routine and manner in which we lived while on the tour of duty.

We left town about 6 p.m., and upon our arrival at the Cambridge Armory, which is the headquarters of the 12th Regiment, we were sent to Station 14 in Brighton. Immediately details were drawn up and we were sent out on duty. We were divided into two reliefs of four hours on and four hours off. In the four hours off, we slept, that is if there wasn't too much noise going on, for those who did not want to sleep, had absolutely no consideration for the ones that did, so the "barracks" were kept in a constant uproar. One of the witty members of another company yelled out, "This is the first time I have ever slept in a police station." That statement was true with most of us. The food was fair, but it was served down in a dirty cellar, on old pie plates, and with "silver" which was enough to take one's appetite away, but we weren't fussy, and we ate anything, in any place, at any time. As for the police duty, it was simply walking up and down the street and keeping the sidewalk clear.

After we had been in Brighton one week, we were shifted to Station 10, at Roxbury Crossing. Then we were split up into three reliefs of eight hours each, (but usually from nine to twelve). There were no quarters in which to put us, so we had to travel to the Cambridge Armory, when relieved, where we ate and slept. This lasted several days, then we were quartered at the Roxbury Boys' Club, where we had at our disposal, a pool room, bowling alleys, a swimming pool, and all other privileges of the building. But this lasted only two or three days, and again we were shifted.

This time we were sent to Station 9, Roxbury, and were quartered in the Municipal Building, where we remained about three weeks. We slept in the gymnasium, and as our company was the last to pull

in, we got what was left over. There was a running track around the gym about six feet wide and about ten feet above the floor, which was reached by a little spiral stairway. We were sent out on eight-hour shifts, and had regular policemen beats, which covered several city blocks. During the last week there, arrangements were made to let the high school fellows off every other morning to attend school, in order "to keep in touch with the daily work." That automatically put us on the four to twelve p.m. shift. We usually reached bed about one a.m., arose at six, and arrived at school at eight, where, quite frequently we would lay our sleepy heads upon the desks, and take a little nap.

After three weeks' duty at Station 9, we were sent back to the Cambridge Armory for a "rest." That may be the military term for it, but little rest did we get there, for we had to go through regular camp duty, including drills, hikes, and barrack guard.

At the end of our week's "rest," we were sent to Station 11, in Dorchester, where we were quartered in tents on Mt. Ida. The cool weather had arrived, and this camp overlooked Dorchester Bay, therefore, it was cold at night in that place. There was no cook tent there, so we had to travel in trucks to the Municipal Building for our meals. After our first journey for our supper, we arrived back at camp about 7 p.m. A non-com came and called out my name, and said the captain wanted to see me. He took me over to the captain's tent, telling me that I was "in for it." What didn't go through my head in those few moments, I can't relate. He shoved me into the tent in a somewhat unmilitary manner, and to my great surprise, I found a crowd of fellows and girls from Wakefield High. It seemed mighty good after we got all our crowd together, for it was the first and only crowd that ever visited us. We were at Mt. Ida only a few days, when we were recalled to Cambridge, where the re-organization took place. Almost all the high school boys were relieved from duty, and we reached home October 25th, after six and one-half weeks of duty.

It was a wonderful experience for us, and one which I think none regret, but on the other hand, no one seems to be so very anxious to go through it again.

CARL G. PETERSON, '20.

A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

"All hands on deck and haul in the lines." This was the first order I heard and this was followed by, "See that the ship's gear is well lashed down and everything movable on deck is put below in its proper place." These strange orders were like "Greek" to me when I first heard them on board the "U. S. S. Larenberg."

We set sail from Newport News, Va., on a Friday at seven o'clock in the morning. With our cargo of soft coal safely stowed away in the holds, we steamed slowly down Hampton Roads, passing the fleet that was forming for summer practice, and out into the open sea.

The sea-watches were soon made up, and it was my duty to get up at four in the morning, to stand at the bow until six o'clock. Then I helped to wash down the decks until eight o'clock, when breakfast was served. After breakfast I was at leisure until twelve noon. From twelve until four in the afternoon, I was on duty, doing whatever task was set for me. Then I was through for the day.

Saturday clouds began to gather in the sky and the "Old Salts" shook their heads, but said nothing. By nightfall the storm began to rage with great fury. The waves rose mountains high, sweeping across the decks and washing overboard everything not securely fastened. Then came the rain, which fell in torrents. Thunder crashed and vivid lightning played about the wireless, shooting little sparks into the darkness. The ship plunged forward but made little progress during the turmoil that lasted for three days and three nights.

By the morning of the fourth day, the storm had subsided. The sun broke through the clouds and I never saw a more beautiful rainbow than that which flashed across the sky, after my first storm at sea. At noon we were all back at our regular places at the "chow-table."

We had sailed for about two weeks without any mishaps, when one day, without the least warning, our rudder chain broke with a loud report. This caused us to stop for the first time. It took only a few hours to repair the damage, and soon we were on our way again.

We were now nearing the equator and the heat became intense. As we crossed the equator, "Father Neptune" came aboard and initiated all new recruits into the so-

ciety of the "Sons of Neptune." This caused much amusement among the "old tars" who had crossed the line many times before.

During all this time, we had seen no land and very few ships. Those that were sighted were hardly visible on the horizon. We had been sailing for about twenty-five days, when we sighted the top of a mountain. My heart jumped with joy to think that we were at last nearing land. That night Cape Frio light flashed across our path, and soon I could see the dark outline of the mainland of Brazil.

We circled to get our bearings, and the engines were stopped for a second time, just outside of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, Rio de Janeiro.

Dawn was just breaking as we sailed into the harbor, to wait for the custom officials to examine the crew and to attend to the ship's business. We remained at the mouth of the harbor until late in the afternoon, when we sailed into the bay, passing beautiful green trees that flanked both banks. Our docking berth was at "A" and here we put in alongside. This dock must be from three to five miles long. It is made of stone, with large English cranes that set about thirty feet apart, towering above the steel warehouses that set back from the docks. The whole is inclosed by a high fence.

That night we had shore liberty with orders to be at our posts at six in the morning. I had the idea that this city would be inhabited by a people that were little better than savages. You can imagine my surprise on finding Rio de Janeiro a civilized city as large as New York, with automobiles, electric lights, and electric cars which bore the trade mark of "Heywood Brothers and Wakefield Company" on the seats. The people were very polite here and as we stepped on an open car with our blouse sleeves rolled up, the conductor, unable to speak English, in pantomime told us to roll them down or get off.

Rio de Janeiro is well policed by men who have been in jail, but who have been reclaimed by strict discipline. A policeman's outfit consists of a helmet, a suit of brown clothes and a short sabre, when he is on foot, and a long flat sword when on horseback.

The houses are built of brick and stone. Some are very old and covered with climbing vines. The panels of many of the

doors have landscapes painted upon them.

It took about a week to unload the coal, with the cranes working day and night. Every particle of coal was handled like so much gold. When this task was finished, we turned about and sailed out of this harbor. After a day's sail southward, we came to a river about the width of the Mississippi River. We sailed up the river until we came to Santos. At this port we were greeted with a salute from an old Spanish fort, which still watches over the harbor. We dipped our flag as we passed in recognition of this courtesy.

In this port, green coffee in two-hundred pound bags was put in the hold of the ship. Each bag was carried from the little wagon that brought it to the dock, upon the head of a strong man, who gets about five cents a bag for his work. Santos coffee goes to all parts of the world.

There are no great manufacturing plants in Santos. Manufactured articles are imported from other countries. American products are among the leading imports, but there is still a chance to enlarge very greatly our trade with South America.

It took a week to load the coffee. Then we weighed anchor and sailed down the river and out into the open sea. We sailed directly north, following the coastline. We passed Kingston, Jamaica, and Cuba, stopping at Barbadoes for a day to take on supplies.

After about four days' sailing from this island, we passed up the crooked Mississippi River as far as New Orleans, unloading our cargo safe and sound after a two-months' cruise from the good old U. S. A.

EDWIN M. WINSLOW, '20.

SPRING

Spring with warmth and cheer is here;

Birds are trilling,

Brooks are singing,

All has fled that's dark and drear.

Skies are blue and bright with light;

Breezes blowing,

Flowers growing,

And their beauty greets our sight.

Nature fills our lives with pleasure;

Ever new

Pure and true,

And our hearts respond in measure.

MARGARET HOWLAND.

THE INITIATION INTO THE SOCIETY OF FATHER NEPTUNE

I chanced to meet, one evening, a man who had served two enlistments in the United States Navy, who told me one of his many experiences while in the navy, his initiation into "The Society of Father Neptune," a sacred and important society among sailors. The only qualification necessary is to cross the equator.

The sailor, whom we shall call John Brown, was on the U. S. S. Birmingham at the time of his initiation. When the ship left port, all material and regalia were bought for the holiday festivities, which took place on the ship. The men who had been initiated into the society took charge of the ship. The band played. Flags were flying. At eight o'clock in the morning, the recruits were scouted up and made ready for their initiation. One of the sailors dressed as Father Neptune, was master of ceremonies. The rest of the initiators were dressed as South Sea Island maidens. Among them were a harper, a doctor, and some policemen.

The barber shaved the new members with a wooden razor and lather composed of soot, scraped from the inside of the smokestack and the waste oil from the engines. This mixture was bound to stick, and if water was applied, it hardened. During the process of shaving, the barber asked his victim if the razor pulled? If the man opened his mouth, one of the attendants put a pill down his throat. This pill was made of wet dough, saturated with castor oil and pepper. If the man failed to answer, he was flogged by the policemen. When the shaving was finished, the barber put his foot on a lever and the back of the chair fell back. This caused the sailor to drop into a tub of water. The victim was grabbed and doused by the attendants.

The evaders of the initiation were found in the coal bunkers and the rites of the initiation operation were administered with great severity.

The officers were not immune from this initiation. If an officer were disliked, he was sure to get his share. After all had been initiated, there was a gay time removing the lather from the face, neck, and ears. Hot water and clean waste were the only remedy, but all traces of the lather disappeared in a week or so. After being

thus initiated, the sailors were regarded as full fledged and at the next initiation they administered the same treatment to the new recruits.

THOMAS LALLY, '20.

CHILD LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS

We, children of today, probably think that the childhood of our ancestors, the Pilgrims, was not all happiness. Although they did not have so many toys as we have, and were not allowed so many privileges, they were, no doubt, as happy as we. They were governed very strictly and were often whipped. No doubt they often deserved the severe punishments which they received, for they were probably not always obedient.

Two of the Pilgrim children were born on the way to America on the **Mayflower**. Their names were "Oceanus" and "Perigrine." These names seem odd to us, but the names given to all the children in those days were very odd. Names of deep religious meaning were most desired. The most common names were "Deliverance," "Temperance," "Silence," "Believe," "Faith," "Tremble," "Preserved," and names of other virtues.

If the names were strange, the christenings were stranger. All the children had to be christened within a few days of their birth. Imagine a January baby carried through the cold streets to the meeting house, which, in those days, was not heated. Sometimes even the water had frozen in the christening bowl.

All this helped to make the children tough, and the toughening process continued through childhood. As soon as children were two or three years old, their feet were dipped daily into a tub of freezing water. Many parents believed that the children should wear shoes so thin that the water could leak in.

The children had very few schooldays at first. There were no school houses built till after the Colonists had built their homes. The boys learned to read and write at home. The girls were taught by their mothers to sew and spin. Finally, the colony of Massachusetts compelled all towns of fifty families or more to have a schoolhouse. The boys were obliged to go to school, but nothing was said about the

girls. The schools opened at seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in the winter. The teachers were mostly men, although the smaller children went to schools called "Dame Schools," which were taught by women.

The discipline in these "Dame Schools," as in all others, was very strict. If a child was idle, the teacher rapped his head severely with a heavy thimble, always worn on the forefinger. Lying was punished by putting hot mustard on the offender's tongue. Whispering meant to be gagged with a small piece of wood. A stupid child was set upon a "Dunce Stool." If any child was guilty of so terrible an offense as stealing, his fingers were burned with a red-hot coal. Good pupils were awarded red, pink, or blue bows, according to their rank in their class. These bows were worn on the shoulder. The naughtiest pupil had a black bow given him.

The dress of the girls was very odd. They wore stiff homespun petticoats and bodices, with white kerchiefs at their necks, and white cuffs on their sleeves. They also wore demure, little white caps.

The boys wore knee breeches and heavy coats with large pockets. Many well-to-do boys wore ruffles at their necks and wrists.

In the Pilgrim families, everyone was expected to work. At an early age, the boys and girls were expected to do their share of work at home and on the farm, and each boy had his work assigned to him as soon as he was old enough. A boy was thought very idle, who, at the age of twelve years, could not do as much work as his father. The mother spun the wool and flax to make clothes for the family. The father was a farmer, carpenter, tanner, shoemaker, or blacksmith.

Sunday was a trying day for the children in the colonies. No person was allowed on the street except to go to or to come from church. The churches were generally little shanties, where the people sat three or four hours, listening to long sermons. If anyone went to sleep the "tithing man" rapped him on the head with a stick, or tickled him under the nose with a feather.

After the services, the people went home. On the way, I imagine some of the children slipped away to slide and play in the snow. If they were caught, they were severely punished.

Not many games were allowed to

be played in the colonies. They were looked upon as a deadly sin. Football, so well liked by the boys of today, was said to be "nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence."

Although it seems to us that these Puritan children could not have enjoyed life, they were probably as happy as we are today. They did not have so many toys as we have, but they got simple pleasures out of simple things. They did not expect every desire to be gratified, but helped each other; and there is more pleasure in helping others than in being helped.

ABBOTT FEINDEL, '21.

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS OF AN ENLISTMENT IN THE U. S. ARMY?

Too often we are prone to judge the United States Army superficially. Not being intimately associated with it, we cannot fully understand the important doctrines which it presents to its enlisted men. There are several benefits which one may derive from service in the United States Army. The most important of these is discipline, which strengthens one's self-control; secondly, independence, that is the ability to think and act for one's self; and lastly, the military bearing or poise of a person. Let us dwell for a few moments on discipline.

Discipline trains a person physically, mentally, and morally. It is a subject matter of study, a branch of knowledge which the army gives to all of its soldiers. It teaches one to act in accordance with established rules. It accustoms one to systematic and regular action. It also teaches self-control. By self-control I mean the manner in which a man conducts himself in trying positions. When a boy goes into the world and enters into competition, he will find that all prizes fall to those who can stand the rules of discipline. For, in every occupation, great or small, discipline is the stumbling block over which many a young man falls. This benefit is administered to a soldier in large doses by the United States Army and it always makes him a better man.

Independence carries with it that manly trait of character in which one learns to take care of himself. The army, more than any other institution, teaches a man how to take care of himself. The daily

routine of a soldier is full of examples of independence. He must show his independence in order to get along with his fellow soldiers. He makes his own bed, washes his own dishes, learns to defend himself, in fact, he feels as if he could go anywhere, at any time, and come out on top. It is this feeling which the officers try hard to develop in each man. Every man who plays the game fair has that feeling before his enlistment is up.

I think that there is nothing more pleasing to look upon than a man with a fine military set-up. What young man does not want to walk down the street, in other words, pass in review, with his shoulders square and falling equally? An erect body is by no means the least of the benefits of the physical training which one receives while in the army.

GEORGE O'NEILL.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

I love to lie, when the sun is high,
Under my old apple tree;
With the sunbeams glowing and the flowers
growing,
That sure is the place for me.

And I dream of the things I'm going to do,
When I grow up like dad;
I guess I'll be a sailor free
And sail the sea with Tad.

Tad is my dog, but he's a good pal, too,
The best that I've ever had;
With me, he plays, on sunny days,
And cheers me when I'm sad.

I'd like to be a pirate, bold,
A second Captain Kidd;
With a cutlass in hand and a valiant band,
I'll do just what he did.

Perhaps I'll be a soldier,
And fight on foreign earth;
Then, when the war is won and my duty is
done,
I'll return to home and hearth.

There are other things I'd like to do,
Just loads and loads of them more;
But my castles fall, when I hear mother
call,
"Come, Bob, you must go to the store."

IDA ESNER '22.

SPRING

Spring has come with her gladsome robe
of green

With her crown of flowers gay;
She has come, a wonderful, blithesome
queen,
Clothed in her glittering array.

She brings with her winged harbingers,
Who tell the glad tidings to all;
What songs they sing! these messengers
As to their mates they call.

She fills the air with a perfume sweet
Of blossoms, apple and cherry;
And sends gay-colored butterflies fleet
The whole world to make merry.

KATHERINE GOODWIN,
English IV B

GRANDFATHER WOODCHUCK'S STORY

The sun shone brightly on old Mr. Chuck's doorstep, almost too brightly for he blinked and blinked and at last dozed off into the land of Nod. Not to remain long, however, for his four lively grandchildren were visiting him and soon ran to wake him up begging for a story, not a fairy story, but a real true one about himself.

At last, after much teasing, he cleared his throat loudly and began:

"Long, long years ago, my dears, when I was young, I was walking one very fine morning, down the lane to the creek, when suddenly I heard a loud noise, and turning around, I saw a great black monster. I ran for the bushes but not quickly enough, for as I entered them, I felt a sharp sting on the end of my tail. Before I could collect my thoughts, I heard someone coming and I closed my eyes. It was two men and one said very pleasantly, 'Too bad, but I guess we've run over Grandpa Church.' I felt myself being picked up by the tail and carried somewhere. Then I felt queer as if I were falling down, down, until at last I felt something hard; then I opened my eyes.

"I found myself in the great, black animal, which I afterwards learned was an automobile, being carried swiftly forward. Soon we stopped and I closed my eyes. Again I felt someone pick me up by the tail and again I fell down until I reached the ground

and I heard footsteps and people saying, 'Is he alive?' 'Can we keep him?' 'Let's keep him for a pet.' 'Is he a kitty?' 'Tell us.' Then the man said, 'He is a woodchuck and quite dead, children, and Jimmie is going to bury him.' Bury me! I'm very sure I started then. But Jimmie said, 'I don't want to bury him, let Jean do it.' But Jean also objected, and while they were debating, I opened my eyes and found they were quite a distance from me. So I ran, oh, how I ran from them! I have never seen them since."

Grandpa Church chuckled at the delighted faces of the four Chuck children and prepared to finish his nap.

RUTH SMITH, '23.

"THE RIGHT JOB"

"What am I going to be?"—That is a question that often forces itself upon me. It is a question that **should** command the thought and attention of every young student, in order that he may shape his school life in accordance with his plans of the future; so that he may train himself to be as efficient as possible, to hold a responsible position, and to be of real value to his employer, to himself, and to all the world.

Generally, at the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, the pupil has a pretty good estimate of himself, of what studies he is backward in, and those studies easiest for him to grasp and understand. But, on the other hand, it is a deplorable fact that the greater part of the body of students have no real, live interest in their work. They choose, perhaps, the position of stenographer, or clerk, or one of the many other common occupations,—not because they like the work especially, but because it is the easiest chance that offers itself to them to earn their bread and butter. Often, those same pupils possess a talent which, if cultivated carefully, would make them a success in the world. But they miss their calling; they accept a position in which they do just middling fair work, when they might have been an excellent worker in some other subject, if they had but trained for it in their youth. I believe that every pupil has a hobby, whatever it be music, art, literature, or office work—that makes no difference, but surely there is something which he enters into with enthusiasm and vigor, that he really

enjoys studying and participating in. Everyone knows his own tastes. Why, then, is it such a difficult task to choose a life work that will always be a delight, and that will hold untiring interest, instead of the position he is unqualified for, which is uncongenial to his special tastes?

For every career, every successful career, there must, necessarily, be considerable "drudging," which, though unpleasant, is the most valuable experience we can have. But your ordinary boy and girl of today are, in plain words, too lazy to become someone worth while. Everywhere about them, they see their fellow-students intent only on pleasure, and so they, too, succumb, and their ambitions gradually, but surely dwindle away, leaving them only a shadow of what they might have been. Occasionally, there are some pupils strong-willed and intelligent enough to distinguish between the things that really count, and those that are the means of killing their ambition. So strong and earnest is the ambition of those few, that they are willing to settle down to serious, hard work and to give up some of those early pleasures, if they interfere with their school work. To them comes success,—success that they surely deserve. They leave far behind, their fellow students, who look with envious eyes at the splendid future those few have built for themselves. But—we question what right they have to be jealous of the other's "good luck," as they call it. They had just the same chance if they had been but willing to grasp it. It is not "good luck," it is merely the strength of mind, a rare quality, it would seem, that some possess, a mind and will strong enough to sacrifice much perhaps, in the beginning, but in the end, the result is worth the sacrifice!

Of what value are a few frivolous pleasures that we indulge in? Are we really deriving so great a benefit from them that we can afford to let them overshadow our ambition? Be willing to settle down to a little serious hard work in our youth, even though it may mean sacrificing some of those early pleasures.

The trouble is, the pupil of today is inclined to think more of pleasure than of all his studies combined, and the time comes when he wakes with a start, to the realization of his mistake, of the loss of all those valuable years, when he might

have trained himself to be some one worth while.

We can all be what we want to be, if it's within reason, and if we strive hard enough. Go after it! Choose the right job, and don't be discouraged by a few hard knocks.

M. K., '22.

EVERY WEEK "BETTER SPEECH WEEK"

Some time ago, a certain high-school in Chicago set aside a week to be observed as "Good Speech Week." The object in view was to rid our native language of the grammatical errors that have crept into it. The result was so gratifying that the educational authorities appointed a similar week to be observed nationally, as "Better Speech Week." We all know the interest that went towards making this experiment a success, especially in our own school.

During that week the English department of our school devoted its entire time to promote the success of this project. Posters, drawn by members of the student-body, were displayed in conspicuous places throughout the school building. The various teachers of English showed more than usual severity in their criticisms of oral and written compositions. They called special attention to errors in common use among the high-school students, particularly emphasizing proper enunciation. The endeavors by no means ended here for several weeks later a play written by one of the faculty, having for its theme "Better Speech", was given by the senior class.

Unfortunately we are gradually sliding back into the old rut and the deplorable part of it is, that we are making little or no attempt to keep out. The continual use of ungrammatical English will in time become habitual, and like most bad habits, will stubbornly refuse correction. The English language is one of the most beautiful and expressive languages in the world. But in daily use it has become corrupted to such an extent that it is no longer a thing of beauty.

We do not have to search very deeply to learn that the reasons for this corruption are to be found in the downright care-

lessness and thoughtlessness on the part of the user. When we have anything to say, we say it without giving thought or time to proper enunciation or grammatical construction. We lop off the ends of our words, use "don't" for "does not," and run our words together. (It has become almost a thing of the past to hear a student of the high school pronounce every syllable of a word.)

Would we think of insulting the American flag? Our flag, the emblem of our country? We certainly would not. Then why insult the language of that flag? Is not that what we do by the use of slang and colloquialisms?

If we appreciated this fact, read our "English Creed" oftener, and tried to live up to it, we should use better English. We should avoid vulgarisms and slang, and speak thoughtfully, painstakingly, and clearly. We should remember that there are such words as "Yes," and "No," and should take time to enunciate so clearly that there would be no need of an "I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

Then let us resolve to make every week "Better Speech Week"; and in this way try to bring our mother tongue back to its original power and beauty.

BERTIL A. LYBECK, '21.

THE DEBATER KNOWS

That 1920 is one grand class.
That the Senior Basketball team is good.
Why Frizzie has returned to the Seniors.
That W. H. S. has some actors.
That we've got a regular football team.
That we have "some artist" in Buckley.
That we got an orchestra that is.
The Seniors can run a regular party.

THE DEBATER WANTS TO KNOW

Why Marnie goes to Cambridge?
What happened to the hockey team?
What was the matter with the track team?
Where Lally buys his gas?
How Dinan got that way?
If Garniss ever runs down?
Who put the jazz in W. H. S.?

EXCHANGES

The Debater acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

"Authentic," Stoneham High, Stoneham, Mass.

"Boston University Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass. A very fine paper, well arranged, and containing a splendid variety of articles.

"Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

"Record," Littleton High, Littleton, N. H. Snappy little book, showing careful preparation.

"Harvard Alumni Bulletin," published by the "Harvard Bulletin," containing a record of the class of 1920 and its officers, interesting to Harvard students.

"The Argus," Gardner High, Gardner, Mass. An especially good paper. Our only suggestion is the addition of a few class pictures. Published every two months.

"Monitor," Wellesley High, Wellesley, Mass. A short story number with a clever "Smiles" column, and enthusiastic editorials.

"Clarion," Everett High, Everett, Mass. Published weekly. A humorous little paper. We think you must have an ambitious staff to publish a copy every week.

"Lehigh University," Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. A weekly paper, containing interesting accounts of all the activities of the colleges.

"School Life," Melrose High, Melrose, Mass. We find your magazine interesting and attractive in design. Your interest in athletics is manifested by the amount of space you devote to that subject.

We have the promise of several other exchanges including a copy of the Fairhaven High School paper, of which school Mr. George Dickey is principal.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.

MOONLIGHT

A whip-poor-will called across the lake,
The moon shining down left her silver wake,
A canoe glided forth on this path of light,
The pines loomed black from the mountain height,
As dreaming I stood alone on the shore.

ADELAIDE SWEETSER '20.



ATHLETICS

CROSS COUNTRY

The Wakefield High School Cross-Country team opened its season at Worcester, Oct. 11, 1919, by winning the third "leg" and permanent possession of the Mayor Peter G. Holmes silver trophy cup. The race was run under the auspices of the Worcester Knights of Columbus, and over a course of a trifle more than three miles long. The W. H. S. boys were pitted against the best schoolboys in New England.

After leading throughout the entire race, Lybeck of Wakefield was beaten by D. Miller of Worcester Academy by a scant yard.

It was the third victory in as many years and the team finished second, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh places scoring 24 points. Jazukawiz, Patterson, Capt. Burke and Malonson finished 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th places respectively.

North High of Worcester was second with 49 points Worcester Academy third with 58 points, Commerce High of Worcester scored 76 points.

The next race was against the strong Harvard freshmen over the Belmont course. Winchester of Harvard led Lybeck of Wakefield by 15 yards, covering 3 1-4 miles in 17 minutes and 11 seconds.

Harvard won 23 to 32, which was a close score. Malonson was 6th, Capt. Burke 7th, Jazukawicz 8th, and Patterson 9th.

The next race the team was defeated by the Medford High Cross-Country team over the Medford course by the close score of 26 to 24.

This is the first time that the Medford team has defeated the local team in the last four years. The local team was severely handicapped by the loss of Lybeck its star runner, who hurt his foot in practice. The W. H. S. men who finished were Malonson 1st, Jazukawiz 5th, Capt.

Burke 6th, S. Levine 7th, and Moncrief 10th. Much credit should be given Malonson for placing first in this meet. He took the lead at the start of the race and kept it, closely followed by a Medford man. After a thrilling sprint of about 300 yards from the finish he just barely nosed out his opponent and finished about 2 yards ahead of the second runner.

Next year the team can look forward to one of the best Cross-Country teams that ever has represented the high school and with the aid of a coach should have the best Cross-Country team in New England.

CAPT. ALBERT BURKE.

TRACK

The State Meet, March 22, brought the track season to a close for the W. H. S. track team. Although the team failed to win any of the meets the school body was backing them to the limit and was cheering just as strong when Wakefield was losing as when winning. Wakefield participated in six dual meets, two of which were held in the Armory, and one inter-class meet. The inter-class meet was easily won by the Seniors (class of 1920) scoring 40 points, the Sophomores came second with 11 points, the Juniors third with 6 points, while the Freshmen were unable to score.

The first dual meet was with Huntington School at the Boston Y. M. C. A. The latter won the meet, but not without fighting all the way.

Draper got second in the 50-yard dash and the 300-yard run. Skulley got second in the 600-yard run, while Burke was third in the 1000-yard and the shot-put; Seabury tied for first in the high jump and Garniss got third. The relay race was won by Huntington.



BASEBALL TEAM, 1919

Standing, left to right: H. Achorn (Mgr.), R. S. Dower (Coach), R. Muise, J. Low, J. Reid, R. O'Neil, L. Douglass, G. Crandall, R. Callahan, M. Donegan (Scorer), C. Doyle, J. Brown (Asst. Mgr.)
 Kneeling, left to right: L. Cummings, A. Burke, G. O'Neil, F. Maguire (Capt.), W. Lee, R. Pearson



W. H. S. TRACK TEAM, 1920

Top row, left to right: R. Kinder, E. Frizzell, J. Reid, O. Butler, D. Brooks, A. Moncrieff, R. Burns

Center row: S. Levine, G. Seabury, G. Skulley, Capt. A. Burke, W. Garniss, I. Patterson, R. Draper, T. Jazukawiz

Bottom row: F. Cochrane, P. Pasqualino, W. Ingerton, R. Batten, H. Hancock, G. Hall.

The next meet was with Brookline at the Armory. Wakefield was beaten by the close score of 39 to 29. In the 30-yard dash the best Wakefield could do was a third by Skulley. Draper ran away with the 300-yard run in fast time. Capt. Burke won both the 600-yard and the 1000-yard and won a third place in the shot-put. In the 600-yard run Skulley fell and was out of the race. The high jump went to Brookline and Seabury of the local school got second place. Seabury also won third place in the broad jump.

The relay race was easily won by Wakefield.

On Feb. 28, the team went to Lowell where it was defeated 48½ to 28½. Wakefield was shut out in the hurdles. The best Draper could do was to land second in the 30-yard dash and third in the 300-yard run. Skulley easily won the 600-yard. The 1000 was the feature race of the evening which was won by Patterson of Wakefield. Patterson was trailing on the last lap, and by a terrific sprint won the race in very fast time. Capt. Burke was third. In the mile, Wakefield finished 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Seabury was second in the high jump.

Wakefield journeyed to Brookline on Mar. 3 the result being that Wakefield again took the short end by 48 to 20. Skulley won a place in the 30-yard dash. Draper after a hard fight won the 300-yard run. The 600 was won by Archibald of Brookline over Skulley of Wakefield in the very fast time of 1.23. In the 1000-yard Patterson of Wakefield got third. Burke won second place in the shot-put, and Seabury got second place in the high jump.

CAPT. ALBERT BURKE.

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH

The final dual meet of the season was held in the Armory on March 16, against Boston College High School. Wakefield made its best showing against this team. Draper was high man for Wakefield, placing third in the dash and winning the "300" from Lannagan in fast time. After a hard race in the "600" Skulley was forced to take second place, Rooney of B. C. H. winning in fast time. The feature race of the evening was the 1000-yard run. Patterson of Wakefield was pitted against Chisholm of B. C. H. He was running in

fifth place until the last three laps, when his wonderful sprint carried him to the front, and he and Chisholm raced to the tape a dead heat. Patterson is only a sophomore and should turn in some great races before he graduates. Jim Low of B. C. H., a local boy, won the shot-put with Burke second and Batten third. The high jump was won by B. C. H. with Seabury and Garniss tied for second place. The relay race was won by Wakefield after a close and exciting finish. The score: 34 1-3 to 30 1-2.

The state meet held in the East Armory brought the track season to a close. Draper easily won his trial heat in the 60-yard dash and was second in the semi-final. In the final heat he managed to nose out third place after a bad start. Skulley won his trial heat in the 600-yard dash, but was shut out in the finals which were held in the afternoon. Seabury, the star high jumper, was tied for third place with Darling of Lowell.

Wakefield had two men in the finals of the intermediate "600" — Moncrief and Levine. Moncrief managed to land fourth place and Levine was shut out. In the total number of points scored Draper was high man with a total of 28, Capt. Burke was a close second, scoring one less (27), Skulley was third with 20, Seabury 18, Batten 10, Patterson 9, Jazukawiz 5, Moncrief 1.

CAPT. A. BURKE.

HOCKEY

The hockey team, under Capt. Avery, went through a very successful season. The team played seven games, winning three, tying one, and losing three. The first game was played with the Alumni on Jan. 1, and resulted in a tie, each team scoring one goal. The next game was with the Andover Academy team at Andover. The academy team won 3 to 2 after a hard game. Wakefield journeyed to Pomfret, Conn., to play the academy team there and lost 3 to 0. Wakefield was next entertained at Exeter Academy, and lost to the fast Exeter team 7 to 0. On Jan. 24, Wakefield played the Beverly High School team on the lake and won easily 8 to 0. Cambridge Latin High School was the next team played, Wakefield winning

a scrimmage game 2 to 0, with Dinan and Cummings playing great hockey. On Jan. 31, Wakefield beat Stoneham High 3 to 1 in an over-time period.

Cummings, Dinan and Capt. Avery on the offensive played great hockey all season, and were cause for worry to the opponent's defense. Dinan played an exceptionally brilliant game against Cambridge Latin, while Cummings and Avery starred in the Stoneham and Beverly games. On the defense Garniss, Hill, Dagnino, and Riley did creditable work. The work of Jazukawicz at goal was also noticeable, his stopping of difficult drives being the feature of many games. More games were scheduled but could not be played because of the heavy snow which covered the rink.

HERBERT HANCOCK '20.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

A new sport has been introduced into Wakefield High. For the first time in the history of the school the girls indulge in competitive athletics. Through the efforts of the Athletic Association, arrangements were made with the Y. M. C. A. so that the girls might use the gymnasium on Thursday from 1.30 till 4 and from 6 till 7, for basketball practice. About forty girls took advantage of this opportunity, and under the direction of Miss Hester Sharkey, of the faculty, two teams have been organized from each of the three upper classes. Although no games will be played with out of town teams this season, a series of interclass games has been arranged and are arousing much interest among the students of the school.

HERBERT HANCOCK '20.

FOOTBALL

Candidates for the football team were called out Sept. 15, and about thirty men reported to Coach Dower. Eight victories, one tie, and four defeats was the teams record. Three of the four reverses came in the early part of the season before the team really got started. Wakefield won its big game from Woburn 46 to 0. Capt. Cummings proved to be the star of the team his open field running being the feature of many games. He punted well and on two occasions made fine drop kicks, one

of which won a game for Wakefield, Wakefield was especially fortunate in having a fine backfield. Frizzell at half-back, was probably the best line plunger in scholastic circles, while Garniss, who played full-back during the last few games, was a steady ground gainer. Dagnino at quarter, was the life of the team keeping the boys going at all times. On the line, Callahan and LaFave proved to be equally strong either on the offensive or defensive, and the backfield men can contribute much of their success to the stellar work of these two men. The work of Burke and Draper on the ends deserves praise, as both proved invaluable in breaking up the opponents' plays, and receiving forward passes. Dinan, Grant, Seabury, and Burns, were all players whose work deserves commendation. Skulley, Hall, Heustis and Cochrane showed that they were able substitutes and played hard when in the game. Ten members of the squad will graduate this year and Coach Dower will have to build up a new team next fall, but is confident that with Callahan, Grant, Cochrane, Heustis, and Hall as a foundation he can turn out a winning team.

Football Results

Swampscott	13	Wakefield	0
Newton	33	Wakefield	0
Lawrence	14	Wakefield	0
Winchester	0	Wakefield	6
Melrose	0	Wakefield	6
Methuen	6	Wakefield	33
Saugus	0	Wakefield	55
Beverly	2	Wakefield	3
Marblehead	19	Wakefield	18
Lynn G. E. T. S.	0	Wakefield	6
Tufts Dental '23	0	Wakefield	0
Woburn	0	Wakefield	46
Alumni	0	Wakefield	9

Wakefield 182, Opponents 87

GEORGE O'NEILL '20

AMERICA

America, America,—

We give our battle cry;
To live for thee is more than life,
And more than death, to die.

And by the road our fathers trod,
And by our God above,
And by the flag on every grave,
We pledge to thee our love.

FRED DeMARCO '22.



HOCKEY TEAM, W. H. S. 1919--20

Seated, left to right: E. Cochrane, H. Hill, Capt. P. Avery, T. Jazukawiz.
 Standing, left to right: J. Riley, W. Garniss, T. Dinan, L. Cummings



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1919-20

Standing, left to right: G. O'Neil (Mgr.), R. Dover (Coach), G. Skulley, G. Seabury, W. Garriss,
F. Grant, Huestis, P. Avery (Asst. Mgr.)

Sitting, left to right: R. Burns, R. Draper, T. Dinan, E. Frizzell, E. Dagnino, A. Burke
Lower: E. Cochrane, L. Cummings, G. Hall

BASEBALL

The baseball team, captained by Frank Maguire, won the championship of the Middlesex Valley League. The team won fifteen of the twenty games played, losing to Peabody, Saugus, Boston High School of Commerce, St. John's Prep, and Mcses Brown.

Capt. Maguire led the team both in fielding and batting. He fielded for .980 and batted for .444. Crandall did the bulk of the pitching with Meuse ready at any time to take his turn in the box. Cummings, on the receiving end, proved to be one of the best schoolboy catchers. Few men took liberties on the bases with Cummings. Douglass, on being shifted to first base, played great ball all year. Lee, at second, was an excellent fielder and also batted well. R. O'Neill at short, was a fast and dependable player, keeping in the game at all times. The third baseman, Pearson, though new to the position, ably filled it. G. O'Neill and Burke, who alternated in right field, covered lots of territory. Both fielded well, Burke ranking third in the team averages. Meuse, when not pitching played centerfield, his throwing to the bases and quick return of the ball caught many men.

This year four men remain: Crandall and Cummings, the crack battery; Burke, and O'Neill. Around these men Coach Dower will construct his team. Wakefield is in two leagues this year, the Middlesex and the Mystic Valley Leagues, having been admitted to the latter this winter.

The results of the games:

Wakefield High	6	Saugus High	3
Wakefield High	3	Peabody High	4
Wakefield High	6	Town Team	5
Wakefield High	9	Reading High	2
Wakefield High	14	Woburn High	2
Wakefield High	14	Boston English	2
Wakefield High	10	Melrose High	1
Wakefield High	9	Punchard High	6
Wakefield High	17	Stoneham High	1
Wakefield High	24	St. James High	2
Wakefield High	14	Peabody High	13
Wakefield High	4	H. S. of Commerce	8
Wakefield High	1	St. John's Prep.	2
Wakefield High	20	Burdett College	1
Wakefield High	22	Stoneham High	1
Wakefield High	14	Reading High	4

Wakefield High	2	Moses Brown	4
Wakefield High	9	Arlington High	0
Wakefield High	11	Saugus High	9
Wakefield High	9	Amesbury High	0.

HERBERT HANCOCK '20.

THE MAN WHO GETS THERE

I

He isn't very brilliant and his pace is often slow,

There's nothing very flashy in his style,
He has to dig and labor for the things he wants to know,

But he's busy learning some thing all the while.

II

The clever men go by him in a hurry, day by day,

And they get all the mention and the fame,

But the patient, steady plugger in a thorough sort of way

Keeps on going and he gets there just the same.

III

He's a quiet sort of fellow and he's backward in his speech,

You'll never find him clamoring for applause;

He will listen to another who has anything to teach,

And he never worries, working for a cause.

IV

But when brilliant men have faded and stars have lost their light,

When clever men have stumbled in despair,

When the great have come to failure with the goal they sought in sight,

You'll find the patient plugger getting there.

MARION LAWRENCE DUNHAM.

MESSENGERS

The daffodils are coming
Down a shining, golden path;

The pine trees whisper it,
And the little breezes laugh,
And a thousand tiny heralds
Cry, "Old Winter has passed!"

ELIZABETH FRANCES INGRAM.



BATTALION NOTES

BATTALION NOTES

Work on the High School Battalion has begun very successfully. It is the largest in numbers that the High School has ever had. At the beginning of the drill year we had three large companies composed of seven squads each. Shortly after the Christmas vacation the battalion was re-organized by our instructor, Major McMahon. We now have four companies, each composed of five squads.

We have been considerably handicapped thus far by lack of proper equipment and also time. At least three periods a week should be devoted to military drill. Perhaps in the future what we had hoped for this year may be a reality. Nevertheless, in spite of these perplexities, we have expectations of turning out one of the best battalions of recent years. The following officers and non-coms constitute the roster as it now stands:

Major, William S. Wallace; Captain Co. A, John Reid; Captain Co. B, Carl Peterson; Captain Co. C, Reuben Draper; Captain Company D, Wilbur Batten; Adj., Roger Arnold; 1st Lieut. Co. A, R. Loubris, 1st Lieut. Co. B, W. Garniss; 1st Lieut. Co. C, F. Snyder; 1st Lieut. Co. D, A. Anderson; 2nd Lieut. Co. A, T. Dinan; 2nd Lieut. Co. B, T. Lally; 2nd Lieut. Co. C, A. Lyons; 2nd Lieut. Co. D, H. Hancock.

Non-Commissioned Staff

Sergt. Major, R. Dolbeare; Supply Officer, C. Buckman; Color Sergt., E. Frizzell; Supply Sergt., O. Quimby; Mess Sergt., F. Bowman.

NON-COMS: Co. A—1st Sergt., C. Carr; 2nd Sergt., D. Sawyer; 3rd Sergt., C. Ward; 4th Sergt., H. Pasqualino; 5th Sergt., F. Grant; 1st Corp., F. Corcoran; 2nd Corp., A. Sweetser; 3rd Corp., F. Maroney; 4th Corp., J. McPartland.

Co. B.—1st Sergt., H. Moncrieff; 2nd

Sergt., F. Walsh; 3rd Sergt., F. DeFazio; 4th Sergt., M. Wing; 5th Sergt., C. Quinn; 1st Corp., F. Talbot; 2nd Corp. T. Jazukawicz; 3rd Corp., L. Anderson; 4th Corp., R. Smith; 5th Corp., G. Cole.

Co. C—1st Sergt., R. Surrlette; 2nd Sergt., J. Anderson; 3rd Sergt., W. Heustis; 4th Sergt., R. Clemons; 5th Sergt., E. Dade; 1st Corp., T. Patterson; 2nd Corp., L. Corcoran; 3rd Corp., F. Robinson; 4th Corp., W. Mason.

Co. D—1st Sergt., G. O'Neill; 2nd Sergt., S. Levine; 3rd Sergt., R. Batten; 4th Sergt., W. McBrien; 5th Sergt., B. Hall; 1st Corp., E. Fuller; 2nd Corp., H. Feindel; 3rd Corp., B. Finney; 4th Corp., W. Wana-maker.

Battalion Notes

At the Medford High School Annual Prize Drill on May 9, 1919, a Special Competitive Drill, in the Manual of Arms, was held by the High Schools of Greater Boston.

Medford High School offered a large shield to the winning school, and three individual prizes to the three best cadets on the floor. Medford, Stoneham, Wakefield, Woburn, and Gloucester were represented by teams.

The Wakefield team consisted of Sergeant George O'Neill, Capt. Raymond Batten, Lieut. William Wallace, and Alternate Lieut. John Reid. These cadets showed that they had spent much time in practising by having the entire team on the floor the last time out.

Wakefield won the shield and besides this honor, Sergt. George O'Neill won the second individual prize.

Much credit should be given to Major Braxton, as his special instruction was, in a great part, responsible for the success of the Wakefield drillers.

CAPT. JOHN A. REID.



OFFICERS OF THE WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BATTALION 1919-20

Top row, left to right: 2nd Lieut. H. Hancock, 1st Lieut. A. Anderson, 1st Lieut. F. Snyder, 2nd Lieut. T. Lally, 1st Lieut. W. Garniss, 2nd Lieut. T. Dinan, Adj. R. Arnold, 1st Lieut. R. Loubris, 2nd Lieut. A. Lyons

Front row, left to right: Capt. R. Draper, Capt. J. Reid, Major W. Wallace, Capt. C. Peterson, Capt. R. Batten



RIFLE TEAM W. H. S. 1919-20

Capt. Reid, Sergt. G. O'Neill, Maj. W. Wallace

THE JUNIOR PARTY

The annual Junior Party was held in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 13, 1920.

The novelties consisted of an elimination dance, the prize being a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece, which was won by Miss Irene Antunes and Arthur Moncrieff. Streamers were thrown from the balconies and small clickers distributed.

Parker's Orchestra furnished music from 8 to 12 and an entertainment was provided by Mr. Gay Cochrane. The matrons were Mrs. John Anderson, Mrs. C. J. Peterson, and Miss Alice Donovan.

The committee consisted of James Anderson, chairman; Francis Bowman, Mabel Frizzell, Elroy M. Cochrane, Constance Arnold, Ruth Brooks, Doris Brown, Cathleen Loughlin, Hazel Foster, Guy Anderson, Charles Carr, and W. Felton MacBrien.

MABEL FRIZZELL Sec'y.

THE MATHENIAN SOCIETY DANCE

The Mathenian Society held an entertainment and dance in Wakefield Hall, Nov. 10, 1919.

Thomas Lally made a short speech in which he stated the purposes of the society. The entertainment comprised several piano, violin, and cornet selections by the Misses Hazel Hallett, Marion McKie, and Helen Arnold; readings by Helen Arnold, Tillie Gersinovitch, and Phyllis Cadogan; songs by Miss Dorothy LaForme, accompanied by Miss Mildred Foley; and a clog dance by Miss Ida Leach. Dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock.

IDA M. LEACH, Sec'y.

THE OFFICERS' PARTY

The officers of the Wakefield High School Battalion held their annual party on Friday evening, Dec. 26, 1919, in the Town Hall. The grand march was led by Maj. William Wallace and Miss Beatrice Brooks, followed by Capt. John Reid and Miss Marion McKie, Capt. Carl Peterson and Miss Mildred Matheson, Capt. Reuben Draper and Miss Hattie Moore, Adj. Roger Arnold and Miss Nathalie Phillips, Lieut. Wilbur Batten and Miss Ella King,

Lieut. Wesley Garniss and Miss Mary Avery, Lieut. Frederick Snyder and Miss Emily Boody, Lieut. Rene Loubris and Miss Mildred Barstow, Lieut. Thomas Lally and Miss Adelaide Sweetser, and Lieut. Arthur Anderson and Miss Ruth Anderson.

Several officers from Stoneham and Woburn attended the party.

The matrons were Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. Peterson, and Mrs. Draper.

THE SENIOR SLEIGH RIDE

The Senior Class had a sleigh ride at 8 o'clock on the evening of Jan. 17, 1920. In spite of the cold, a party of about fifty left Wakefield Square in two pungs. The route was through Stoneham to Winchester, where a stop was made for hot chocolate, then back to Wakefield by way of Medford and Stoneham. The teachers who accompanied the party were Miss Hester Sharkey, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dower, and Mr. Arthur A. Fulton.

"TONY, THE MENDER"

The Wakefield High School Department of English presented a play, "Tony, the Mender," at a conference of the Educational Committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Kosmos Club in the Princess Theater, Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, 1920.

The play was written for the occasion by Miss Hester Sharkey of the English Department and had for its theme, "Better Speech." The following is the cast of characters and the members of the assisting committees:

Tony, the Mender

A One-Act Play

Stage manager, John Reid

Cast: Father, Thomas Lally; mother, Grace Crosby; Bill, Carl Peterson; Louise, Adelaide Sweetser; Peter, Edmund Dag-nino; Tony, Antonio Mezzacappa; prompter, Mildred Willey.

Properties: Arthur Lyons, chairman; Gladys Tibbetts, Wesley Garniss, Fred Murkland.

Costumes: Inez Kirk, Horace Hill.

Make-up: Phyllis Cadogan, Mae Cadogan.

As this was the first dramatic attempt of the High School, everyone was happily

surprised by the fine acting and excellent presentation of the play. The cast and Miss Sharkey deserved all the praise given them and the thanks of the student body.

"MOSE"

The Mathenian Society presented "Mose", a play of college life, in the Princess Theatre, April 30, 1920, with great success.

The cast was: Mose, Thomas Lally; Frank Thornton, Cecil Ward; Thurston Hall, Wilbur Batten; Billy Holt, Fred Murkland; Henry Warwick, Carl Seaward; "Society" Smith, Frederick Snyder; Sumner, Arthur Anderson; Rodney, Arthur Lyons; Thomas Edward, Stewart Garniss; An Old Man, Joseph Taggart; Eleanor Thornton, Adelaide Sweetser; Anne Schuyler, Margaret Hurley; Betty Carewe, Margaret Howland; Sally Middleton, Mabel Frizzell; Katherine Stanton, Charlotte Brooks; Edythe Burne-Jones, Tilly Gersinovitch; Mrs. Bone, Phyllis Cadogan; Mrs. Vance, Inez Kirk; Mrs. Conant, Dorothy Taylor; Inga, Ida Leach.

The stage managers were: John Reid, Herbert Hancock, and Andrew Fuller.

Miss Hazel M. Andrews directed the performance.

The music, which was provided by the Mathenian Orchestra under the direction of C. Albert Jones, was excellent.

The members of the orchestra are: Violins—Marian McKie, Nathalie Willey, Myron Wing, Doris Brown, Wesley Abbott, and Ernest Dade; piano—Winifred Le Noir; 'cello—Oliver Quimby; cornets—Helen Arnold and Louis Bonaiuto.

WITHIN THE CONVENT WALLS

A sweet, cool twilight in an ancient convent,

Wherein the black-garbed Sisters dwell
And kneel in prayer and solitude.

* * * *

Through the twilight and stillness
Come the roar and the bursting of cannon,
Shaking the Convent Walls,
And tearing it stone from stone—
But the black-garbed nuns pray on,
Mid the roar and din of the cannon.

MARY McKEON, '23.

TO MINE OWN

Dear soul, I love you much, I vow;
I love each wrinkle—, crease, each hair
That curls around your brow;
I love you for your constancy,
I cannot tell just how,
Perhaps I never knew how well,
Dear puppy dog, till now.

R. A. W. '20.

THE PUSSYWILLOW

Almost before the snow is gone,
Before we hear the birds' blithe song,
Uprising from her soft, snug pillow,
We gladly hail the pussywillow.

VERA MOULTON, '22.

DAISIES

Those sad little, sweet little, faces,
So carefully fringed all around;
With those round little, white little bonnets,

Shyly bending, those daisies, to ground.

PHYLLIS GLIDDEN '20.

Senior to Freshie: "Say, kid, did you take a bath last night?"

Freshie: "Why, of course not, was one of them stolen."

Physics: Talking of Sweetser Lecture on Arctic Regions:

Arnold: It's so cold up there that the lecturer showed a picture of a bear that had been shot and had frozen standing up, not having time between the time he was shot and the time he was frozen to fall.

(That's a bear story, Bill.)

Wallace in English: In Grant's time they used to have subscription schools and used to send a long way for teachers. Why?

Doc.: Now Hill, if you were going to buy washing soda * * * *

Hill: Well! I don't buy it.

Doc.: It would be a good thing if you did, and used it, too.



CAST OF MATHENIAN PLAY, "MOSE"—Presented April 30, 1920

Top row, left to right: Director Hazel M. Andrews, C. Ward, G. Skulley, H. Anderson, F. Snyder, C. Seaward, J. Taggart
 Center row, left to right: W. Garniss, D. Taylor, M. Hurley, T. Lally, A. Sweetser, M. Frizzell, T. Gersinovitch, I. Kirk
 Bottom row, left to right: C. Brooks, A. Lyons, I. Leach, F. Murkland, P. Cadogan



MATHENIAN ORCHESTRA 1920

Top row, left to right: M. McKie, Mr. Jones (director), M. Wing, N. Willey, W. Abbott, L. Bonaiuto
 Bottom row, left to right: O. Quimby, W. Lenior, H. Arnold, D. Brown



Hee Haw's



Garniss: If you take molasses and distill it, will you get alcohol?

Doc.: That's something you shouldn't know anything about.

Miss Cushing: What was the incomplete work of art in Athens?

Fuller: The wingless victory.

Miss McKie (translating Virgil): "The tree swayed, its vertex tottering."

Voice from rear: "Huh! Do trees have vertices? Thought only triangles had 'em."

Two Days Later.

Miss Moore: "A tip of flame played around the top of the boy's head."

Same Voice: "Why don't you call it the vertex of his head?"

Ford (translating): She passed her finger over her cheek terminated by a nail, polished and shining like an agate.

Miss Andrews: "We cannot come to a definite conclusion on these questions, since bigger men than we are have not."

S. K. to C. B.: "Can you play, "Dear Hearts"?"

Snyder (talking of latest steamboats): "They are finely fitted out, having saloons for each passenger."

Our principal: "If you don't go to the lecture you'll miss it."

Pupil: "There's a spider on the ceiling.
Busy Teacher: Step on it and keep quiet.

How Does He Know?

Doc. (speaking of val ??) "One can hold two."

Doc.: "This bell will ring until it stops."

Miss Goddard: "Mr. Peterson came in and took the temperature."

Dinan: "Did he bring it back?"

Miss Ingram: "Treat all the rubbers you find around here just as if they were your own."

Miss Ingram: "Doctor Johnson had very poor eyesight."

Anderson: "Perhaps that's why he fell in love."

Clarke (in English): "In my dictionary suite is pronounced suit."

Miss Reid: "Is it a very old dictionary?"

Clarke: "It is a Century."

Frizzell gives a history of Andrew Johnson's life.—"I suppose he was a boy, and brought up as a boy, and then he became a man."

(We can see Frizzie would make a wonderful historian)

Snyder (Others, too) to partner (Officers' party): It's a nice night, isn't it?

Snyder (learning to dance): 1 2 3 turn—1 2 3 slide.

Partner: There are a lot of people here.
Snyder: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 slide.

Partner: How many officers are there?

Snyder: 1 2 3—1 2 3—1 2 3.

Miss Goddard: "Bucknam, you're a living example of an animated nap."

Mr. Preble: "This sugar is found on a green blueberry."

Miss Ingram: "Diamond cut diamond" means that a diamond is the only possible thing to cut a diamond.

Miss Boody: How did they cut the first one?"

Miss Daland (describing a scene from a window): "Before me was a squirrel, who was noiselessly cracking his nut in a nearby tree."

Miss Kelly (describing another scene): "Right in front of me, far away, is Crystal Lake."

Seaward (History): After the Chinese man arrives in this country, he sends for his wife to come by mail.

Easy Aids in Recitation

"Were you speaking to me?"

"I didn't hear the questions?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I can't see the board from here."

"Why, we didn't take that for today."

"I know it, but I can't express it."

"Where's the place?"

"Why, I studied the next chapter."

"Somebody took my book."

—O'Neill '20.

Miss Ingram: Where did Burke stand when delivering his speech?

Voice from Rear: On the floor.

Bookstore Clerk: This book will do half your Latin for you. •

Boy: I'll take two, please.

O'Neill: Now this is where it gets difficult.

Doc.: Yes; rolling waves, thin ice, deep water. Voice (ascending after each phrase):

O'Neill: Sink or swim.

French IV—LeFave (translating—Ap-
puyant de tout son couer ses livres fran-
ches): Putting all her heart on her fresh
lips.

Latin—Miss Cushing: What is nullum
vim? (No wine)

Crosby: Prohibition.

He: What would you do if I should kiss
you on the forehead?

She: I'd call you down.

Heard in the Corridor

1st Scholar: Have you seen Al Sweet-
ser in high trousers?

2nd Scholar: What? !!! — — —

Quite a Storm

'Twas a winter's day in summer

And the snow was raining fast

While a barefoot boy with shoes on

Stood sitting on the grass.

—Eliot Clemons.

Our Advertisers



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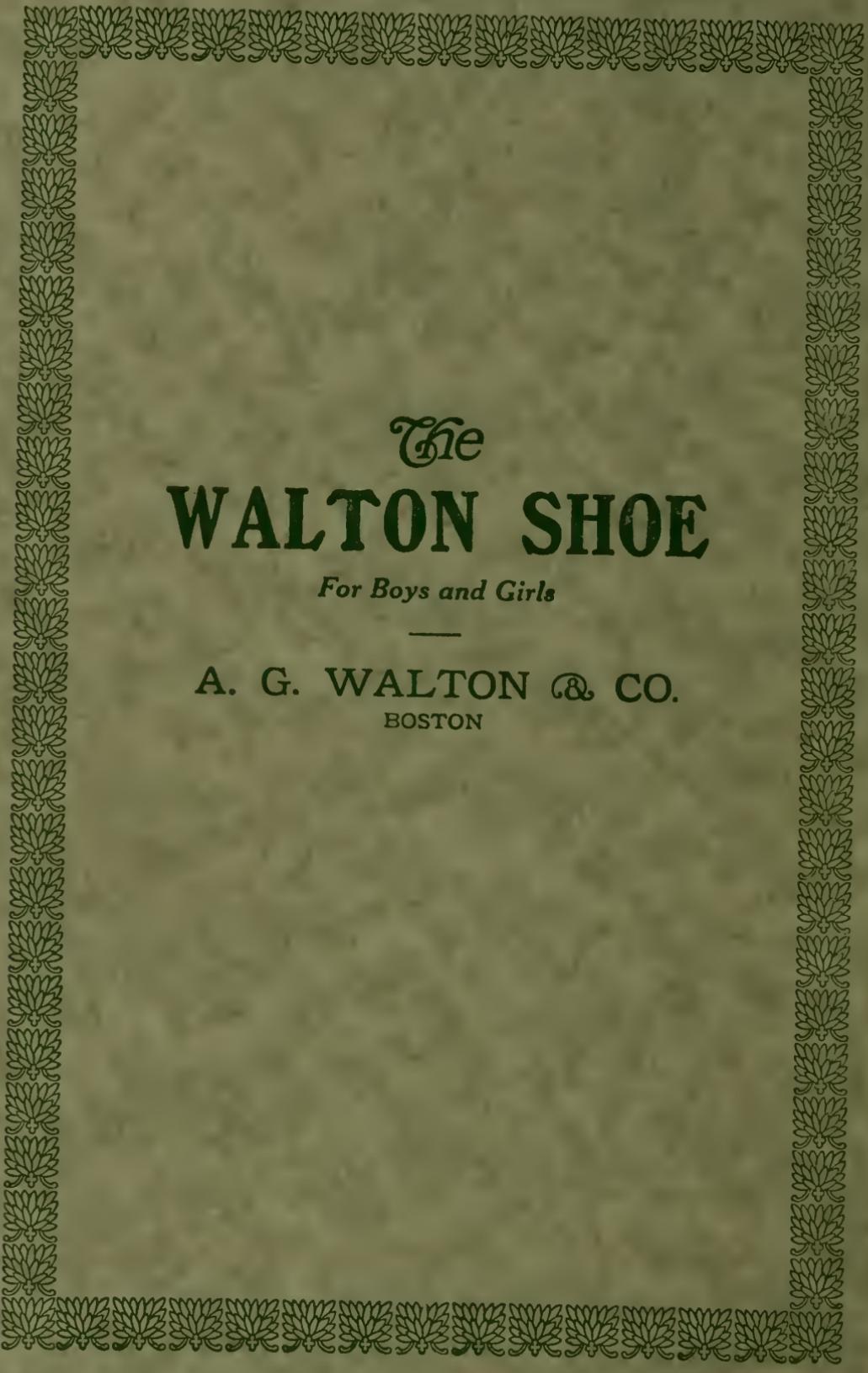
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